

813
D2925a
cop.2

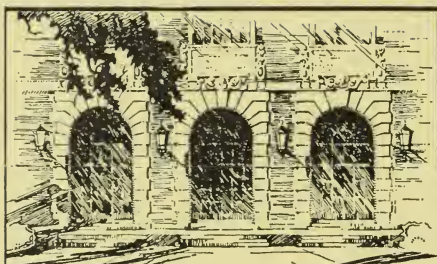
ANTOINETTE OF ILLINOIS

A Story of
Early America



BY . . .

COLONEL EDWARD DAVIS



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS


ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Cla

INV '73



Antoinette



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

ANTOINETTE OF ILLINOIS

A Story of
Early America



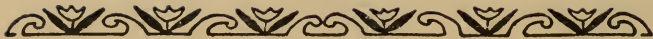
BY . .

COLONEL EDWARD DAVIS



The Sunshine Press
at
The House of Sunshine
Litchfield, Illinois

cop. 2



Copyright, 1950, by The Sunshine Press, The House
of Sunshine, Litchfield, Illinois, U.S.A. Copyright in
Great Britain, the British Dominion and possessions.

Copyright in the Republic of Philippines.

Printed in the United States of America

813

D 2925 a

cop. 2

Al. Dist. Law



**The Author
Dedicates This Book
to
ILLINOIS
His Native State**

Handwritten notes in the bottom left corner, partially cut off.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR TO THE PUBLISHER

(Extract)

I have just completed a new novel, which has the early history of Illinois as its factual background. By early history, I mean the period of the very first white settlers, who, as you know, were French people and not English.

The title of the novel is "Antoinette of Illinois," the heroine being a young French girl who comes from a village in France, not far from Paris. The story opens, in somewhat humorous vein, with a scene in the Court of King Louis the Fourteenth, in the magnificent Palace of Versailles where Louis receives La Salle, the great explorer, and promises the latter to send colonists to "the Illinois country."

The action then shifts to the small French village, La Candide, where Antoinette's parents live. After great excitement, many of the villagers decide to go to Illinois "where there are many mines of gold and silver." Then follows the story of their many hardships and dangers in crossing the Atlantic in one of the small sailing ships of the period; their temporary stay in Quebec and Montreal; the journey over Lakes Erie and Ontario, and then the long march over-land to their new home in the Kaskaskia-Cahokia country, in the southern part of Illinois, where they join some other French people who had started the town of Prairie du Rocher, a town that has existed continuously since those days. I was there a few years ago.


Around the romantic career of Antoinette the story sets forth how these French people carried on in Illinois; the simplicity and gaiety of their village life; their crude farming and business methods, and their sincere, patriotic effort to establish a new France here in the wilderness of the heart of the continent, an effort which failed after about a hundred years, when the French went away, never to return.

I wrote the story because, being an Illinoisan myself, I know that comparatively few people of the present population are aware of this period in our history; its charm, interest, quaintness, pathos and romance. Antoinette is the girl who put the romance into the story.

EDWARD DAVIS.

Antoinette of Illinois

I.



LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, King of France, yawned lustily, rubbed his eyes and, with delightful satisfaction, stretched at full length in his luxurious bed. A sigh of comfort escaped him as he felt the smoothness of the silken sheets and the rare old lace that edged his pillow. The great blue silk canopy over the bed filled his eye. Yes, he was sated with sweet content, for he was The Grand Monarch, The King of all Kings in Europe, and some people even called him "God's Viceroy on Earth."

Then, too, the ceremony of his going to bed the night before had proceeded with a smoothness that pleased him. In Louis' magnificent Court at Versailles, this matter of retirement was called the "Grand Couchee" (Grahnd Coushay) or "The-Grand-Going-to-Bed," a strict and elaborate ceremony. As the King removed his garments, each was handed by some great noble to the principal valet-de-chambre. Then the heir to the throne, the Dauphin, handed the King the royal night-shirt and assisted in placing it on the royal body. As Louis got into bed, a favorite lord held the candle, an act which was rated the superior honor of the day.

But Louis was now concerned with the "Grand Lever" (Grahnd Levay) or the "Grand-Getting-Up-in-the-Morning." Yet, for the moment, Louis could

not actually get out of bed because it was not eight o'clock, the hour set by his own edict for the beginning of the "Grand Lever." But, Hark! What was that noise? Ah! Good! It was the principal valet-de-chambre drawing the shutters and letting in the light.

Then there was another step, and Louis, quickly shutting his eyes, pretended that he was asleep. It was his old nurse who, ever since he was a little boy, had always kissed him on the cheek to waken him in the morning. Opening his eyes, the King patted her old gray head as she smiled at him, and withdrew.

Quickly there followed the successive steps of the "Grand Lever," that is to say, "The Grand-Getting-Up-in-the-Morning." First entered the bed-chamber all the members of the Royal Family, official and interested witnesses. It was important to make sure that the man who got out of bed was actually the King himself. Then, too, it was pertinent to make sure that there was no one else in the bed, the King being unmarried at the time.

After their Highnesses had greeted the King, one of the greatest nobles of France handed him his stockings, another his shoes, and yet another his shirt. All of these were donned by Louis with commendable deftness and precision. In fact, with regard to such matters, Louis was something of a perfectionist. Two noble lords with a silver pitcher full of water and a basin, washed his face and hands. Then, with much assistance, the royal legs were thrust into the royal breeches. A less important noble smoothed the royal cravat, and yet another put in place the great six-inch

wig. As the heels of his shoes measured some three inches in height, the King, a modest five feet three in bed, now stood up, an imposing six-footer.

There was some discussion as to the coat that he ought to wear. Frequently he wore a sumptuous velvet coat of cinnamon color. Today someone suggested that he put on the gorgeous red coat, encrusted with diamonds, a garment that had cost more than a million francs, but, strictly speaking, that coat was "de rigueur" solely for wear when receiving visiting monarchs. Louis finally selected the golden coat, stiff with silver fleurs-de-lis. All of this was important because, on this day, the King was to receive the Great La Salle, the Pride of France, just arrived from New France (Canada) and Louisiana, Louis' great domain in North America D3 D3

During the hour preceding noon, La Salle, escorted by the younger Colbert, son of the late great prime-minister, had marvelled at the groves of transplanted trees, the vast lawns, the artificial lakes, and the great fountains; incredibly beautiful setting of the Palace of Versailles, a work that had cost untold millions of francs, twenty years of toil, and the lives of thousands of workers. In eloquent silence and a feeling of deep regret, La Salle wondered why all this extravagance had been permitted when New France was crying for financial support, and for colonists to make France secure in the New World.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the doors of the throne room opened. La Salle and Colbert entered. Opposite them, on his great silver throne, sat Louis Quatorze,

as the French called him, the very picture of regal dignity and magnificence. La Salle, accomplished courtier as well as fearless, tireless explorer, bowed low at the door, advanced to the halfway point, bowed again, and then, immediately in front of the King, made the third bow. Tall, athletic, handsome, his bronzed face scarred by the wounds of war and seamed with the lines of weather and hardship, the great La Salle stood like a statue, his right hand closed over his plumed hat, his left resting on the hilt of his sword D3 D3

On this striking figure, so immaculately uniformed, the King beamed with approval. How appropriate, he thought, that such a man, tirelessly traversing the wilderness of America time and time again, had finally planted the flag of France on the sandy soil of New Orleans, and taken possession of half a continent in the King's name—"Louisiana"!

Motioning La Salle to a chair immediately to the left of the throne, Louis stepped down and took a chair by the side of the visitor. Then, speaking in tones strangely relaxed for him, he addressed La Salle by his family name: "Cavalier," he said, "we welcome you back to France. We thank you for your glorious services. Now tell us all about the situation in America—and your plans" D3 D3

La Salle, after making felicitous response to the King's gracious address, continued: "Sire, our greatest need in America is to strengthen the center of our position. As your Majesty knows so well, we are in fair strength in New France [Canada], and steps are

being taken that will make New Orleans secure. Half-way between New Orleans and New France there is a vast prairie region, rich in minerals, lavishly watered by great rivers, and, moreover, well endowed with forests. It would be a paradise for colonists. It is called the Illinois country. Sire, it is my ambition to plant colonies of Frenchmen in Illinois. These colonies, rapidly growing, would give us strength in the center of our position and we would have the English hemmed in, helpless, against the coast of the Atlantic Ocean."

"Those English," interrupted the King, "Scum of the earth. That's what they are! Yes, let's hem them in, annihilate them! What a Godless crew they are!"

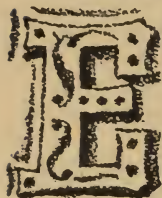
"Ah, Sire," resumed La Salle, "they are worse than that! They even think that their government exists for them. Not like our good people who know that they exist for their government, and look to it for guidance in all their affairs. Such English nonsense can never make an impression on a vast continent like America. It is doomed to failure."

And so the conversation continued. Before the audience terminated, Louis XIV had promised La Salle full support in his project of colonizing Illinois.

When they parted, it was forever. Louis reigned tempestuously for another thirty years. La Salle, continuing his prodigious, tireless explorations, met his death some years later by treachery, somewhere in eastern Texas or western Louisiana—the exact spot is unknown. But the colonies of which he had dreamed were planted, to some extent, in Illinois; little groups of French people, deep in the heart of the continent.

Antoinette of Illinois

II.



XCITEMENT, anxiety, grief, noise; all these were strangers to the tiny village of La Candide, some leagues west of Paris, and quite near the coast of Normandy. In fact, for generations, La Candide had been the home-town of Tranquillity.

Each day, in the dim light of dawn, flickering candles appeared in all the windows; shadowy figures moved about making ready for the daily chores. The baker stoked his oven, the butcher chopped his chops, and the miller, with moistened finger, measured the wind to see whether he should start the sails of his little mill. Generally, while it was yet dark, the peasants, in merry mood, went forth to plow and hoe and sow their fields, or to gather in the crops.

And, at the end of day, slumber came early to the village, in sweet silence, mysteriously attuned to the deep, rhythmic rumble of the ocean waves breaking on the distant shore.

On Sunday, one was awakened by the sharp clatter of wooden shoes on the cobblestones, "clopin-clopant, clopin-clopant, clopin-clopant," as the entire population turned out for Early Mass.

But, on a certain market day in midsummer, about a month after the King had received La Salle in audience, all this serenity was abruptly broken. In the middle of the morning, the town crier, his drum beat-

ing loudly, strode with imposing step to the prefecture and then to the market place. The town crier, a round, red-faced man, who took his important duties most seriously, cleared his throat impressively, adjusted his spectacles with stately gesture, took a deep breath and began to read a proclamation from Paris.

Louis Fourteenth, King of France, the document said, wishing to further the greatness and the glory of France, had arranged for ships to carry across the sea all those who wished to take up life in New France. The travel would be free, and so would animals and seed and land over there in America. The soil was rich, the climate was wonderful and, moreover, there were many mines of gold and silver in the country called Illinois. Here, so said the proclamation, was an opportunity to gain riches, and to enhance the glory of France. His Majesty hoped that many would take advantage of this opportunity. All one had to do was to register at the prefecture.

Because so few of the people could read, they listened attentively to the words of the crier who, always well satisfied with his attainments, maintained his lofty attitude, and withdrew to the cadence of his drum.

A buzz of excitement pervaded the market place, the center of all shopping and social activities for the day. Animated conversation, accompanied by many gestures in true French fashion, enlivened La Candide during the remainder of the day and far into the night, that is to say, as late as nine o'clock, perhaps.

Some of the older people recalled the departure of their grandparents for New France some seventy

years previously. They had settled, it was understood, in a place called Quebec, and in the village Montreal.

Since those days, not much had been heard about their riches, but it was clearly understood that much had been done for the glory of France. And what, after all, could be more important than "la gloire de la belle France"? D3 D3

The day's excitement caused many of the good people of La Candide to lie awake much of the night, discussing the merits of the proposed migration. Among those thus affected were Michel, the miller, and his good wife, Gertrude.

"Perhaps it would be a good idea for us to go to Illinois," said Michel after they had discussed the proposal over and over again. "Each year the harvest here is smaller and smaller, so there is always less for my mill to grind. And, each year the taxes are higher and higher."

"I don't understand," sighed Gertrude. "They say the King is so wonderful and yet each year everything seems worse" D3 D3

"I'm sure it's not the King's fault," rejoined Michel. "They say he is so brilliant that he gives off a blinding light: so much so, that if you are near him, you have to shade your eyes with your hand. I was told that by a man who once saw him."

"How long does it take to cross the sea, Michel?"

"I have heard that it takes sixty days, but it is not an easy journey, I'm sure."

"You and I are old and tough, Michel, but how about our little one?"

"Oh, I'm sure she is strong enough," replied Michel.

"Besides," he continued, "there would be other little girls on board. They would want us to go by families, of course."

Among the people in the village who became enthusiastic over the proposed journey was Bossu, a town character, well known to everyone. Bossu worked for Michel, the miller, and lived in a small room on the ground floor of the mill. Although he was a hunchback, his arms and legs were of prodigious strength, possibly as a result of his deformity.

Carrying sacks of wheat from the farmers' carts up to the hopper, and carrying the flour out to the carts, was all child's play to him. And when the sails of the mill needed repair, Bossu, with his strong hands and arms, would swing aloft with the agility of a monkey. Even if the sails were moving in the breeze, Bossu could scamper over their surfaces with the greatest of ease D3 D3

Like so many deformed people, Bossu's experiences in life had developed in him a soul of great courage, brightened and sharpened by a lively wit, and guided by a definite feeling of compassion for others. His was a most admirable philosophy.

Despite his handicap, some of the parents in the village viewed Bossu favorably as a possible son-in-law. He was a good worker and was thought to have saved a tidy sum. But, more than that, he was known to be the only heir of his old uncle Francois who lived over in the Rhine country.

Francois was a successful farmer and wine grower.

His Rhine wine was considered to be of fine quality. In fact, many of his German neighbors preferred his wine to their own. It was perhaps this district, in general, that the famous American humorist, Mark Twain, wrote about, some two hundred years later, when he said, in effect, "The German people are very fond of Rhine wine. It comes in long, thin bottles. You can tell it from vinegar by the label on the bottle."

But old Francois had another source of wealth, and that was manure. He had always kept a number of animals and thus, during the years, he always had plenty of manure. By shrewd trading, he was always acquiring more. His manure piles were the biggest for miles around. In fact, he was known far and wide as the "Manure King." Small wonder that many of the French peasants looked upon Bossu with approval, or perhaps, with envy. They, too, like the people of the Rhine valley, held both wine and manure in high esteem. It was apparent that Bossu, in due course, would be wealthy.

So the news that Bossu expected to go to America, definitely popularized the project. Everybody knew that his shafts of wit, and his constant good humor, would brighten the voyage, and would also bring good cheer into the shadows of the wilderness.

Thus it came about that in the course of a few weeks, the village La Candide reported a list of seventeen persons who would accept the King's offer of a voyage to New France; quite a group for so small a community. In fact, it was just enough to complete the entire passenger list of the average brig.

Antoinette of Illinois

III.

THE PEOPLE of La Candide who signed up for the voyage were: Michel, the miller, his wife and little daughter; Claude Cordonnier, the shoemaker, his wife and small daughter; Edouard Cordier, the ropemaker, his wife and small son; Jacques Charron, a farmer, his wife and small daughter; Henri Molaire, another farmer, his wife and little boy. Then there was Achille Forgeron, the blacksmith, and Bossu, both bachelors.

There were five families, and each family had but one child. Under the law of France, land had to be divided equally among the children when the parents died. It was better, so the French thought, to have few children, preferably one, because then the family land would not have to be divided, and each generation was thus sure of a living from the land on which the preceding generation had lived.

The seventeen adventurers of La Candide made the most careful preparation for their voyage. They were assigned to the French Brig, "La Gloire," a stout ship, so they thought, then lying in the harbor of Le Havre. Forgeron and Bossu went to the port, and measured her cargo and deck space, to see just how all the belongings of the voyagers could be stored. Space was necessary, too, for the food which they would have to take, in addition to the supplies granted by the ship.

It was supposed that the trip would require seventy

days. Alas! Stormy weather, counter currents and fitful breezes combined to greatly prolong the voyage.

After careful calculation they decided that they would take with them 200 chickens or 40 per family; 5 pigs or 1 per family; 10 turkeys or 2 per family, and 15 demijohns of wine or 3 per family. They would also take a quantity of onions and dried vegetables, because a Frenchman just must have his soup, especially onion soup. Bread they could get from the ships' stores, but, to be on the safe side, they would take along some of their own wheat and barley.

Busy were the days in La Candide; what with building cages or coops for the chickens, the turkeys and the pigs, to say nothing of a box for each of the demijohns. One week before the day set for sailing, an entire day was spent in catching and securing the fowls and the pigs D3 D3

Pandemonium reigned supreme in the village, Although the turkeys ran around in a dignified and silent manner, the chickens and the pigs set up a great vocal protest. Such clucking and squawking, such squealing and grunting had not been heard in La Candide for many years. Bossu, being close to the ground, used his long arms to advantage. Forgeron, the blacksmith, was an expert turkey catcher, with his strong, sinewy hands. Cordonnier, the shoemaker, and Cordier, the ropemaker, were very awkward except with pigs. These they quickly made fast. The children, scampering here and there with great agility, were very useful, and the wives, with their vast practical experience, were the best of all.

In the midst of all the uproar, old Father Bonté, the village curé, or priest, came upon the scene, to give this necessary enterprise his blessing. Sticking his fingers in his ears and feigning alarm, he exclaimed: "Ma foi, quelle manifestation extraordinaire!"

Finally all the livestock was made secure. The next day Bossu, in charge of a long string of carts, and accompanied by all the other men, took the fowls and pigs and most of the household effects to Le Havre, and loaded everything on the good ship "La Gloire." Bossu remained on board as guard, and to feed the livestock D3 D3

Three days later the entire party left La Candide for Le Havre, accompanied by most of the people of the village; their friends who wished to say good-by when they sailed. As this was a parting of lifelong friends, probably never to see one another again, it was a solemn occasion. In fact, on the day of sailing, they all assembled for prayer, and joined in a "Te Deum" as the brig was being warped out of the basin.

Just at that time, France and England happened to be at peace; an unusual and happy circumstance. So the brig "La Gloire" sailed boldly out into the channel and set her course for the Atlantic. Unfortunately, strong winds from the west and southwest were encountered, so it took them four days to get out of the Channel D3 D3

As they passed down the Channel, they all crowded to the rail, to take a last look at their beloved France. Many of them wept, as well they might have, because few of them were destined to see their native land

again. Happily, they could not know this, owing to Nature's wise provision against a knowledge of the Future D3 D3

They were somewhat awed by the great expanse of water, and the brusqueness and liveliness of the waves, as they entered the Atlantic and felt the impact of the great ocean swell. On the gigantic waves, up went the little ship. Up, up, higher and higher, until they feared it would stand on end and topple over. Then down and down, until the crest of the wave, slipping from under them, let the ship down with a terrific thud, as it hit the actual level of the sea. Each time they feared the impact would split the ship in two.

Worse than that, perhaps, was the roll of the vessel, when in the trough of the waves. Over, over, it would roll, until it seemed certain that it would never right itself. But then it would pause, seem to shake itself, and start to roll the other way. This time they were sure that it would roll clear over. But no, it levelled off again, and catastrophe was averted, but the sense of fear remained.

So, day by day, the miserable hours passed. Many of the passengers, confined to their berths by seasickness, lapsed into a state of mind so resigned that, finally, they did not care whether the ship sank or not. Then came intervals of smooth seas, and some were able to sit on deck, and enjoy the freshness of the ocean air D3 D3

But, in fair weather and foul, Bossu and Forgeron were able to stay on deck, the former being busy telling the members of the crew that he was "going to Illinois

where there are only French people." He found one member of the crew who had lived in Montreal, and had heard much about Illinois from trappers who had been there. As Bossu could not read, he had had few sources of information about Illinois, so this crew man was a God-send to him. He cross-examined the man thoroughly 03 03

As Bossu was a master of French slang, and enjoyed using it, he was a constant source of amusement to the crew. For instance, if one of them told him a tale that was manifestly in the realm of the impossible, Bossu would cock his head on one side and jauntily reply: "Et ta soeur!" ("And your sister"), which, in slang, is equivalent to saying: "You can't fool me with that stuff." Or, if one of the crew asked him how he felt, he would reply, nonchalantly: "Ja'i le cafard" ("I have the cockroach"), but meaning actually: "I am homesick." French slang, like English slang, is utterly irreconcilable with plain language.

Owing to seasickness and poor facilities for cooking, the food supplies of the voyageurs held out very well; a fortunate circumstance, because the ship was proving much slower than had been expected. Heavy weather in mid-Atlantic made it necessary to keep the portholes closed much of the time and, as a result, the cabins were filled with smoke whenever cooking was attempted. And, as the ship's cook was not inclined to cooperate, the passengers had to use the heating stove in what was called the Grand Cabin, instead of the better facilities in the cook's galley.

Jostling one another around the stove, their eyes filled with smoke, the passengers acquired short tempers, and much food was ruined in these attempts at cooking. To make matters worse, the supply of wine dwindled much faster than had been expected. What, I ask you, would cause discontent and irritability among Frenchmen more than a prospect of wine shortage? As the ship appeared to be about 20 days behind her schedule, it was finally decided to ration the wine D3 D3

In the western Atlantic, strong winds from the west and southwest, and the powerful thrust of the Gulf Stream combined to hold the ship back. Apparently she was gaining no longitude at all. Just at this time, when strong hope of completing the voyage prevailed, they narrowly escaped catastrophe—the foundering of the ship D3 D3

Proceeding one day under full sail, they were struck by a squall, which came upon them so suddenly, that the crew could not take in sail fast enough. Two members of the crew were knocked out of the rigging by the violent plunging of the ship, and badly hurt. Without them the mainsail could not be furled. The ship rolled so violently and the wind heeled her over so far that she seemed certain, at any moment, to capsize on her beam ends, and that would have meant the loss of all on board.

As the captain called out in despair, Bossu and Forgeron volunteered to cut away the sail that was causing the trouble. Bossu ran up the ratlines like a great spider, knife in his belt, closely followed by Forgeron

as a "safety-man." Up, up, they went to the topmost part of the mast. Slashing the lines, right and left, Bossu cut away the sail, and it was swept into the sea by the wind. Relieved of the pressure, the ship righted herself, and was out of danger.

At that instant, to the horror of all those on deck, Bossu was knocked out of the rigging by the flying sail, and fell like a plummet toward the deck far below. But, owing to the violent plunging of the ship, he was hit by the swaying rigging, bounced up like a rubber ball, and came down again into the shrouds where clung Achille Forgeron. Quick as a flash, the powerful blacksmith shot out a brawny arm, closed his sinewy fist on Bossu's arm, clutching it like a vise, and pulled Bossu into the rigging alongside him. The imperturbable hunchback, with the breath half knocked out of him, but still game, snapped "Never touched me!" Excellent slang, but scarcely a factual description of the gigantic game of battledore and shuttlecock, in which he had been the latter.

In their uneasiness and perplexity, the crew began sounding, and on the third day of that activity, the lead struck bottom, to the joy of all on board. They had struck the submerged edge of the North American continent! Two days later land was sighted. As they entered the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, with islands and points of land all around them, Bossu hurried about, demanding of the crew: "Is that Illinois?" One of them, the man from Montreal, replied, with a laugh: "Illinois? I should say not! That's a thousand leagues from here!"

Great was the relief of all on board! Great was their happiness! All gathered on the main deck to chant a solemn "Te Deum," and to offer a prayer of gratitude. Day after day the river narrowed, and little white houses could be seen here and there along the shore. They were thrilled when they saw canoes, filled with Indians, moving close to the shore.



Antoinette of Illinois

IV.



TOWARD THE CLOSE of a bright, clear afternoon, with all sails set, the brig "La Gloire" swept smoothly around a headland, and there in the distance loomed a great grey rock, towering high above the smooth waters of the Saint Lawrence. The famous French explorer, Jacques Cartier, had been the first white man to see this great natural fortress, Quebec, almost one hundred and fifty years before the arrival of the little group from La Candide.

All crowded to the forward part of the deck, and cheered loudly. Bossu was grinning with excitement, even though he knew now that this could not be Illinois. Cheers again resounded, as the ship dropped her anchor in the shadow of the great rock. When Cartier, so long before, had first anchored here, the top of the rock was occupied by a great Indian village. Now, a stockade crowned the summit, and behind it could be seen the tops of stone buildings—the beginning of the present city D3 D3

It was too late in the day to go ashore, but their cup of happiness was overflowing. How blissful it was to feel their ship riding at anchor in this quiet basin, after all their stormy days at sea! All along the shore, and high up on the rock, as night came on, lights twinkled in the windows of homes—French homes! That night, they were lulled to sleep by that most delightful of

sounds, the gentle lapping of small waves, little harmless waves, against the side of the ship, at anchor.

As their ship was not going further up the river, they spent all the next day disembarking, and unloading their household effects. A row of log cabins, a short distance from the shore, at the foot of the bluff, had been set aside for their occupancy. These cabins stood just north of a point now known as "le saute de matelot" (the sailor's leap), where comes down the crooked street from the Upper City to the Lower City.

As cold weather was approaching, the plan was for the new arrivals to make themselves comfortable at Quebec for the winter. Then, very early in the spring, they would move on to Montreal and, from there, enter the great western wilderness, en route to their final destination—Illinois.

In the years that followed, they all looked back to Quebec days with great satisfaction, for here they were very happy. First of all, there was the relief at having the long ocean voyage behind them. Here, in Quebec, they relaxed, and those whose health had been impaired by the rigors of the voyage, were able to re-establish their normal physical condition.

Here, too, the children ran and played to their hearts' content, a fine tonic after the restrictions of the days at sea. The little boys and girls, who lived in Quebec, were friendly to the new arrivals, never dreaming that one of the little girls from *La Candide* was destined to achieve fame and startling leadership among the French in the great wilderness.

Bossu pursued assiduously his interest in Illinois.

By dint of much inquiry among the inhabitants of the town, and by piecing together all his bits of information, he began to take on airs as an authority. He also laid aside the old, flour-stained conical hat, with its little feather which he had worn until now, and appeared in a coon-skin cap, which he understood was the customary winter headgear in Illinois. He acquired a pair of deer-skin moccasins, gayly ornamented with bright colored beads. Everybody smiled at Bossu's eagerness to be one of the Illinii.

The group suffered two serious losses while at Quebec. Among the local industries, was a flourishing rope-walk, and also a small ship-repair shop. Ships arriving at Quebec almost always needed quite a bit of new cordage, and some repairs to ship's tools and equipment, as a result of the long ocean voyage. So Edouard Cordier, the ropemaker, decided to remain in Quebec D3 D3

A good job there, he thought, would be safer for himself, his wife and his little boy, than the uncertain prospects of a village in Illinois. Achille Forgeron, the doughty blacksmith, an old bachelor, came to the same conclusion. Although he did not mention it, Achille reasoned that matrimonial prospects were better here than in the West. At least, he could look the maidens over as they arrived fresh from France.

The winter at Quebec was far more severe than anything they had ever experienced in France. Fortunately, this had been foreseen, and great quantities of firewood had been brought in from the outlying settlements, where such supplies were practically inex-

haustible. As each cabin had a large fireplace, and as fur garments were readily obtainable, the newcomers were able to pass the winter in reasonable comfort D3 D3

But they found themselves confronted by a new danger, and a real one, the Indians. Off to the south and east, the Mohawks and the Iroquois seemed chronically hostile to the French. In time, better relations were established with the Mohawks, but the Iroquois remained hostile to the very end of the French regime. The French blamed the English for this, and their conclusion was probably correct, because the English at Albany, and other posts, were always in closer contact with the Iroquois, economically and politically.

Impressed by the blood-curdling tales they heard, the group from La Candide remained close to the protecting fortress, and took no chances. Even so, they were not entirely safe, because that very winter the Iroquois ventured to attack Quebec itself, and were only driven off by hard fighting on the part of the soldiers of the garrison.

With the advent of spring, the group prepared to move up the river to Montreal. One fine day, early in April, they loaded all their household effects on a small sailing vessel. How different was this trip from their anxious ocean voyage, with all its tempestuousness, its difficulties as to food, its many lonely weeks, its fear! The voyage to Montreal required only two days, the water was smooth, the banks so near and so beautiful. It was joyous, or would have been, but for their fear of the Indians—the Iroquois. However, as to this, they

were safely escorted by another vessel carrying French soldiers, many of them veterans of Indian warfare.

At Montreal, as at Quebec, they were following by many years that intrepid French explorer, Jacques Cartier, who had visited this spot in 1535 but, at that time, had established no settlement. More than a hundred years after Cartier, a group of Jesuit priests and other zealots established a colony here; the interim having been due to France's continuous wars in Europe D3 D3


The Jesuits, two years after their arrival, founded the present-day great hospital, Hotel Dieu, then but a primitive wooden structure. This was one of the few larger buildings standing, when our voyageurs of La Candide arrived. The remainder of the village was merely a cluster of log cabins.

Montreal, in those days, maintained a desperate struggle for existence, being habitually neglected by the French Government. Gradually, it became the center of the two activities which seemed to consume the attention of the French, namely, the trade in beaver skins, and the saving of the souls or, at least, the baptism of the Indians who, in their abysmal ignorance, probably had not the slightest conception of the nature of the soul D3 D3

During the entire French regime in North America, the energy and intelligence, if it may be called that, of the government in Paris, was irretrievably split between the competition of the priests and the fur traders. Their colonization project suffered accordingly D3 D3

Antoinette of Illinois

V.



BY THE MIDDLE of April they were ready to “plunge into the western wilderness.” Yet “plunge” seems hardly the correct word, because they were deliberately facing a journey of more than a thousand miles; five hundred by water and five hundred by land, and it was going to take them about seventy days to make the journey. Today, it would require about four hours by plane, and possibly twenty-four hours by rail, including changes. So, let us say that they were ready to “move on into the wilderness.”

They were not discouraged by the distance, nor by the time, because their long journey by sea had inured them to that sort of thing. Besides, by now, they knew all about the earlier experiences of Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonti, and a score or more of Jesuit priests, who had made journeys of far greater length, and under conditions of hardship, with which their own could not compare.

Furthermore, they were, after all, only pawns on the chessboard of their King—the great Louis Quatorze. They were merely an importation, each stage of which was controlled by their government. Then, too, they looked forward to great riches. Although they were mostly farmers, and expected to till the vast acreages which they had been told would be theirs for the taking, they remembered that almost every account of

America, especially of Illinois, that had appeared in France in those days, had announced that there were "many mines of silver and of gold in Illinois."

Then too, the group from La Candide, reinforced by a few families from Quebec and Montreal, had unity of purpose, cohesion, respectability. Their personnel included no jailbirds and other dregs, as did some of the French colonist groups. The Frenchman has, in general, never liked to be transplanted. So when France found difficulty in recruiting colonists in those days, the quota was sometimes filled by taking men out of jails, or, in some instances, by arresting men on the streets and dragging them on board ship.

The Englishman was different. Initiative impelled him. Seeing no chance for land at home, he was perfectly willing to quit "the old sod," and go where he could own land. Or, if his religious views were too much restricted by government, he would go where he could be free as to religion. He was law-abiding, but he reserved the right to remark: "To Hell with the King," if he felt that way about it. He made an ideal colonist, because of his belief in individual enterprise and freedom of opportunity.

But, to return to our people from La Candide. They first had to go on foot to a point some miles above the rapids called La Chine, a feature of the St. Lawrence River, which made it impossible to embark at Montreal. At this point, they went on board two small sailing vessels, of a type then on the Lakes, which followed the pattern established earlier by La Salle himself, when he built his 50-ton galley, the ill-fated "Grif-

fon," on Lake Erie just above Niagara Falls D3 D3

Favorable winds carried them rapidly up the river, but not rapidly enough to avoid an attack by the Indians. At last, the settlers found themselves face to face with this danger. At a point where the stream was narrower than usual, and made a sharp bend, some thirty canoes and pirogues filled with warriors, came dashing out from the thick, overhanging bushes of the south bank where they had lain in ambush. Discharging showers of arrows and firing muskets, they seemed bent on overwhelming the leading ship. The situation was critical, but the commander of the escort was equal to the occasion D3 D3

He had armed the colonists in the leading vessel, and had left a few soldiers with them, but he had most of the soldiers on the second ship. He was also towing four large pirogues alongside this vessel on the side opposite the bank from which he felt the attack would come, and where they were out of sight from that bank. The instant the Indians came into view, he led his force into the pirogues and dashed, not toward the Indians, but toward the shore from whence they had come.

Landing here, he directed his attack against the few Indians left on shore, drove them away and then opened fire on the Indians in the canoes. Always supersensitive to an attack from the rear or a flank, the Indians on the river became panic-stricken. Caught between the French fire coming from the shore, and that from the defenders of the leading ship, many of their canoes riddled and sinking, the Iroquois—for such they were—fled from the scene, or jumped into the water, hoping

to escape by swimming. The French who have a definite lust for killing, did not hesitate to shoot the Indians in the water. It was all over in fifteen minutes, thanks to the alertness and the tactical skill of the commander of the escort.

The women and children, who had been kept below in the tiny cabin, came on deck thrilled by the excitement and the success of the conflict. The soldiers, who had fought on shore, were re-embarked, much puffed up, loud with exclamations of bravado, and displaying various trophies they had picked up.

Favorable winds continuing, they crossed the length of Lake Ontario in good time, and then found themselves confronted by the arduous task of carrying all their goods up the steep bank, to make the portage around Niagara Falls and over to Lake Erie. An old Jesuit priest who lived in the Indian village at this point, helped them greatly by persuading some of his converts to assist in this difficult portage.

After a week of hard work, they loaded their property on two small sailing vessels of the galley type, that lay in the very basin where La Salle had built the "Griffon." In these, they set sail for the western end of Lake Erie. This voyage of about 250 miles was disappointingly slow, but comfortable, despite crowded quarters D3 D3

At the end of two weeks, they came to anchor off the mouth of the Maumee River, where there was a small guard of soldiers from the Detroit garrison. It had been decided to stop here, because to go on to the village of Detroit would only have increased the distance

of their march overland to Illinois. Nor were they at all interested in Detroit. Bossu had learned in Montreal, that the Detroit locality, and its advantageous features, had first been discovered by Joliet; that La Salle had visited the place a few years later, and that the village had finally been established by Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac.

The commandant came down to the Maumee anchorage from Detroit, and explained that the trail to Kaskaskia, starting from Detroit, and from where they were at Maumee, traced to the southwest along or near the north bank of the Maumee River, to a point where Fort Wayne now stands. From thence, the trail led over high ground into the water-shed of a river which we now call the Wabash, continuing along or near the north bank of that river, always going southwest, and generally following a buffalo trail, until it crossed a river which the French called the Vermillion Jaune. Then they would be in Illinois, said the commandant; the soldiers would show them the crossing place, and would point out the new trail to the Kaskaskia country D³ D³



Antoinette of Illinois

VI.



FORTUNATELY there was no great danger from the Indians at that time, in this region. France and England had just concluded a temporary peace, so there was no one to incite the red men to war. Nevertheless, the Governor of New France [Canada] had provided for the little column an escort of thirty French soldiers and thirty friendly Indians.

The road, or trail, was better than the settlers had expected. During the preceding year, it had been travelled by three large parties. Besides, it had been selected and traveled originally by America's greatest road finders, the buffalo. What we now call the Middle West was at that time, and had been for countless years, a grazing ground for hundreds of thousands of these animals. In travelling from one grazing ground to another, in herds of many thousands, instinct enabled them to select the shortest line which, at the same time, included the fewest serious obstacles.

For example, they followed the ridges that constituted the summits of the watersheds, and thus they crossed large streams near their sources, which made it unnecessary to ford them or swim them where they were wide. At the same time, they kept reasonably near water, for drinking purposes. Thus it came about, that the early military expeditions, and the groups of settlers for whom they blazed the way, found it of ad-

vantage to follow the buffalo trails, if one could be found. As a rule, these trails were so wide that they could be followed easily.

The Indians marched well in front and on each side; the soldiers were in one body at the head of the column. Then came our friends from La Candide, with such pack-animals and ox-drawn carts as they had been able to obtain. Last came five families from Quebec and Montreal; people who had lived in those villages for some years, and had finally decided to go to Illinois. Last came more ox-carts and pack animals, escorted by some of the bachelors and a few of the older boys who were big enough to bear arms. As a rule, families tried to keep together on the march, but after several days when their anxiety as to hostile Indians diminished, the children began to look upon the march as a great romp, and ran here and there alongside the column.

Their march program was to rise very early, a little before daylight, have a substantial breakfast, take time to pack carefully and then move out along the road. They would march until about mid-afternoon, have a light lunch, and get ready for a heavy meal at night. All of this was somewhat contrary to their usual eating habits, but it saved time, and was better suited to the fatigue of the journey.

Making camp early not only enabled them to prepare carefully for the night, but gave time to hunt game for the evening and morning meals. They discovered early on the journey, that vast numbers of carrier pigeons came early to roost in the forest. These birds then frequented the Middle West literally by the mil-

lions, and it was easy to shoot as many of them as were needed D3 D3

They limited the slaughter to their actual needs, differing, in this respect, from their successors, the American settlers, who came along later and who, market conscious, literally decimated the flocks, finally rendering the species extinct. The French would have done the same, but there was then no market for the birds. Venison was plentiful, and so were many edible smaller animals, so they did not lack for meat.

All along the trail they found hazelnuts, hickory nuts, walnuts and butternuts, though some of these were not yet mature enough to eat. It was not at all unusual to find great supplies of mushrooms. As the French are probably the world's greatest mushroom experts, they were not at a loss to distinguish between the poisonous and the nonpoisonous varieties. Blackberries, raspberries and strawberries were found frequently D3 D3

At almost every camp, some of the children, perhaps Hélène or Marie or Béatrice, would come running to their mothers, shouting: "Dents de lion, dents de lion" ("Lions' teeth, lions' teeth"), in other words "dandelions, dandelions; now we can have salad."

And the mothers were happy when some child would shout excitedly: "Moulines, moulines!" because that meant mullen. So, from the broad, fuzzy leaves they made mullen tea, a useful concoction under the circumstances D3 D3

Shouts of "Violettes, violettes" were always welcome, because there they were; little white and blue

violets nestling under bushes, just like those that grew back in La Candide, cheerful reminders of the homes they had left D3 D3

And so the days passed rapidly and cheerfully, except when they encountered rain. On rainy days, they did not march, but remained huddled together under shelters of leafy boughs. On such occasion, the irrepressible Bossu made it a point to go from shelter to shelter, pretending that there was nothing quite so jolly as a wet camp.

As a rule they were glad to camp near some old camp, made by Frenchmen who had been that way before them. Here they might find unused firewood, and water would be near. They never actually used an old camp site, because as every Frenchman knows, and so does almost everyone else, a French camp is seldom a model of sanitation.

They were accompanied, of course, by many dogs. These contributed definitely to the factor of companionship, were useful in hunting, and also served as aids to sentinels. The busiest dogs were the terriers, forever digging for truffles, a great French delicacy that grows underground. That's where the terrier got his name; because he dug in the ground, or "la terre." But no terrier, however industrious, was ever able to find these subterranean edible fungi. Apparently there were none in this region.

Antoinette of Illinois

VII.

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON of the twentieth day, the column was thrown into great excitement by the appearance of some twenty men on a hillside, less than a mile away. They were white men, and seemed to be marching directly across the line of march of the group from La Candide. When one of the soldiers signalled to them, they came over, and proved to be Frenchmen from Vincennes, a French post and village which lay about 50 miles to the south, in the present state of Indiana D3 D3

These men stated that they were returning from an expedition to Fort Creve Coeur, a French settlement, first established by La Salle, near the present site of Peoria, about a hundred miles to the west. There was much shouting and hand shaking all along the line, as these two groups of French people met, so unexpectedly in this midcontinent forest. It was decided by all to camp for the night right where they were, so as to make the most of the meeting. That night, around campfires, the conversation fairly sizzled with exchange of news and stories of France, Quebec, Montreal and the Illinois country. In the morning, each group continued its separate way, cheered on by the other D3 D3

Two days later, when they came to a small stream not far south of the present city of Danville, Illinois,

the commander of the escort announced: "That's Illinois on the other side of this little river." As this word went along the column, everybody cheered loudly, and there was much hilarity as they forded the shallow stream.

The miller and his wife, trudging up the sandy slope on the Illinois side, were passed by a group of five or six children who were shouting excitedly. A long-legged, dark-eyed girl of about fifteen led the pack. "At last we are in Illinois!" she shouted as she ran along. "Yes, yes; how wonderful! We are in Illinois!" the others chimed in.

"Antoinette! Antoinette!" called out the miller's wife. "Do not run so. My child! You will wear yourself out!" D3 D3

"No! No! Maman!" replied the girl, her black eyes sparkling. "We have only just started to run!"

"Better let her go," intervened the miller. "It will do her good. She's been so silent and moody since we left Quebec. I don't know what has come over the girl" D3 D3

"Yes, I suppose so." replied his wife. "It will be good for her. I, too, have noticed the change in her. Perhaps it's just because she is nearing maturity. I wish she would be more light-hearted like the other children" D3 D3

But there was a special reason for their daughter's moodiness, a reason which Antoinette was careful to keep to herself. Perhaps she thought that her parents would look with disfavor on the matter with which she was so much concerned. Perhaps she was so ab-

sorbed in it that she was not aware of the change in her attitude D3 D3

Being of the younger generation in France, she had learned to read. There had been but few books in La Candide, and similar villages, just as there are few now, but she had come across stories of Joan of Arc and, in one way and another, had learned much about the Maid of Orleans who had become her ideal, her heroine. The pathos of the story had appealed to her, as well as the heroics. Time and again, she had day-dreamed stories and pictures of Joan's unflinching courage and fearless leadership. Sometimes she imagined she could hear the "voices" that had inspired Joan to undertake her tragic mission.

In connection with all this, there grew in her child's heart a bitter hatred of the English, they who had caused her heroine to be burned at the stake. How merciless! How barbaric they had been! How cruel! How un-Christian! Also, in her reading, she had learned that the English had occupied and ruled the better part of her dear France for over two hundred years D3 D3

True, they had been driven out of France long before she was born, but Antoinette resented the very thought of their having ruled her country. "The English," she would say to herself, "what right had they to occupy my country!" The fact that the presence of the English in France had resulted from the quarrels of the French among themselves, had not been revealed to her in her superficial reading nor, in fact, would that have been pointed out in any French book.

So, the little girl of La Candide had carried this detestation of the English in her breast on the long voyage across the Atlantic. And during the long winter in Quebec, all this hatred was fanned to white heat by the stories she heard there. "Here, too," they told her, "the English are our arch-enemies." It was the English, so they told her, who had bribed the Iroquois to make war on the French settlements.

And, worst of all, so she understood, the English had aroused the Iroquois to the greatest atrocities by giving them brandy. Sitting around the fireplace on long, cold winter nights in Quebec, she had heard all these stories from elderly Frenchwomen who had lived there many years. And the very next day, on occasions, she herself had seen the cabins of French settlers along the shores of the Saint Lawrence, going up in flames; set afire by the Indian allies of the English.

"Yes," she said to herself, "the English are wicked and should be punished." She wondered what Jeanne d'Arc would have done here in America. But the Maid of Orleans had done her part, and gone to a glorious death long ago. Ah! Was it possible that she, Antoinette, could do something? Could she avenge the wrongs that had been done, and were being done, to her people by the English? That, indeed, was something to think about. And, in fact, she was thinking about it! That was the cause of the outward manifestations that her parents had noticed, with some concern D3 D3

As the marching column moved forward into the Illinois country, there happened to be no great buffalo

trail to follow. However, because of occasional travel between Detroit and the French settlements on the Mississippi River, the going was not too bad. The newcomers were fascinated by the great prairies over which they were passing.

Some days the prairie extended as far as they could see; a vast rolling expanse of green. Again they would find heavily forested regions, into which the prairie would extend in sweeping indentations; coves, they were called, ideal places for farms, so they thought. But, unfortunately, the prevailing technical idea at that time was that crops would not grow well in prairie soil; it was better to clear forest land and plant there. It is painful to think of the unnecessary toil that was caused by this mistaken idea.

But they could only contemplate these promising areas through which they were passing. Their destination had already been determined; the Kaskaskia-Cahokia region, a small area on the Illinois side of the Great Bend of the Mississippi River, below a point where now stands the city of Saint Louis. Day by day they pressed on toward this objective.



Antoinette of Illinois

VIII.



DURING THE FINAL WEEK of their march, they crossed the hilly country of southern Illinois, now known as the eastern extension of the Ozarks. It was very definitely uphill and down-dale, and led through deep forests especially where there were streams. While all of this caused the settlers to admire the beauty of the region, it also slowed down their rate of march.

Early in the morning of their last day, the trail swept out of a thick forest, and they found themselves standing at the top of a high bluff from whence they could look out over the country for miles. Spread out before them like a great panorama was the Kaskaskia-Cahokia valley in a bend of the river, the region which was to be their home. How utterly different from the rolling, green-carpeted, trim-hedged, and well-kept countryside of Normandy, with all its ancient towns and villages, where they and their ancestors had dwelt since time immemorial!

Far off to the west, they caught glimpses of the great river itself, rolling along silently between heavily forested banks. To their left, or south, they could see the village of Kaskaskia, a cluster of little white houses and the one big building and mill in a large cultivated area, the property of the Jesuits. About three leagues straight ahead to the west lay another group of houses, the village of Prairie du Rocher, their future home.

A short distance to the south of that village, they saw a whitish blur among the trees along the river bank. This was Fort de Chartres, the largest stone fort on the American continent at that time, and the headquarters of the French Government in all the Illinois, Indiana and Ohio country. There were other villages to the northwest, very small ones, but they could not be seen from the point where the new arrivals stood. They decided at once that they would march directly on Prairie du Rocher, because to go by way of Kaskaskia would have added another day to their march D3 D3

As they neared Prairie du Rocher, two Frenchmen came galloping down the road on small ponies to meet them, gesticulating wildly, in a mood of typical French excitement. One of them turned around immediately and galloped back to the village, to confirm the news of their arrival. Antoinette and the others noted that these men wore no hats, but had gay colored handkerchiefs wound around their heads, turban fashion. Each had on long buckskin trousers, a cotton shirt, a belt or sash of bright colored material, and moccasins covered with beads. Later, they learned that this was the standard dress for men in the colony.

Just outside the village, they were met by an escort of honor, and were formally conducted to a wide open space called the village common, in front of the church. First marched at the head of the column, the syndic, or mayor, and the priest; followed by five men playing fiddles. Then came a company of soldiers from the fort, commanded by the commandant in person.

They were followed by a deputation of prominent citizens, each carrying a small French flag. Last came the new settlers.

Great hilarity prevailed, the fiddlers playing as though their lives depended upon it, the people in the parade singing and waving their flags, while the on-lookers, including many Indians, cheered with great enthusiasm. Arrived in front of the church, the syndic, a short, round red-faced man, stepped to the front and, in a high-pitched voice, addressed the crowd as follows:

Messieurs et mesdames:

How wonderful it is to see you here after your long voyage from our dear France! What hardships you have suffered in making so long a journey amidst so many dangers both on land and on sea! But then, it is to think also how happy you will be here in our pretty village! And we, yes, how happy are we, too!

So now, I, as syndic of Prairie du Rocher (Rocky Prairie), do make you a great and warm welcome. You see now what pretty and comfortable homes we have; all built close together so we can easily chat from house to house. You can see that we have with each house, a garden for vegetables and an orchard for fruits. Each family has a farm for raising grain and we have mills. For our horses, oxen, cows and pigs we have, right in the middle of the village, a great common pasture where they, too, can all live happily together.

Over there, you see our great Fort de Chartres, the largest fort on this continent. It is strongly built of stone, and has in it 300 French soldiers under our great commandant, who is here with us today. There we are sure of safe refuge in case of danger.

And here you see our church and our great curé, Father Rozet. With him to lead us, we can pray to God to give us always happiness and comfort, and to open the eyes of the Indians so that they, too, may become Christians.

Your lands are already marked out for you. Tomorrow, Sunday, following mass, we shall all meet together here and decide when we shall begin to build the houses for you. We do everything together as much as possible.

Our laws, as you probably know, are the same as where you came from in France, namely the laws which are called "The customs of Paris." And, when anything unusual is to be done, our Great King Louis Fourteenth always issues an edict telling us what to do and how it is to be done.

I wish you all well! Long live the King! Long live France! May God bless you all!

Following this speech of welcome, each newly arrived family was taken to the house of one of the villagers, there to reside pending the building of new homes D3 D3

On the following morning right after mass, the meeting was held which the syndic had mentioned in his speech. All the people assembled in front of the little church. They were first addressed by Major Castelnau, the commander of Fort de Chartres and of all the French territory in Illinois, which then included Fort Vincennes in what we now call Indiana. The major was resplendent in the blue and white uniform of the French army of those days.

He informed them that all the men would be enrolled in the local militia company and supplied with arms; that this was the local law which provided for defense,

if and when necessary, against attacks by Indians, not so much the local Indians as Indians from other regions D3 D3

At this announcement, Antoinette nudged her father, remarking: "Mon père, that is good; is it not? I only wish that I were a man so I could join that company." Her father, not yet fully aware of the girl's great secret, was somewhat surprised. "Yes, my daughter, it is a wise plan, but there will be men enough for that."

The syndic, who had charge of all civil affairs, somewhat like the present duties of a mayor, next took the floor, and the meeting decided that the next common task would be the erection of houses for the newly arrived settlers, and they would start the following morning. They had already planted their wheat and barley, or that activity would have been discussed. Later, they would have a similar meeting at which they would decide on the date when all the crops would be harvested, everybody turning out for the common task. Thus, in the little French community, all matters of common interest were decided at meetings which all attended. There was never any thought of individual enterprise or initiative, such as characterized the English colonies over on the Atlantic Coast.

Antoinette of Illinois

IX.



AFTER MASS, the newcomers had an opportunity to look at the village. Antoinette was shown around by four of the younger married women of the town. Like most of the inhabitants of Prairie du Rocher, they had come from Montreal, or Quebec D3 D3

“Our parents came from France, but we were all born in Quebec,” one of them explained to Antoinette. “That’s why we talk a little different from you who have come straight from France.”

As they walked along the one street of the town, Antoinette counted the houses, all of wood except three, which were of stone and were somewhat larger than the others.

“The people who live in those stone houses are quite rich,” remarked one of the young women. “They have silver candlesticks and little silver boxes on their mantelpieces, and silver framed pictures on the walls. Some of them have silk dresses, too.”

“How did they become richer than the others?” inquired Antoinette.

“My father says they worked harder, and did not waste any of their property. So of course they had more. Some of them are merchants, and ship quite a lot of wheat and hides and things like that to New Orleans” D3 D3

“But, tell me,” said the curious Antoinette, “with all this empty land around here, why did they build their houses so close together?”

“Oh, we like to talk and gossip from house to house, so it is convenient to have the houses close together,” explained one of their companions. “It’s quite lively here in the evening. You’ll see the men sitting on the porches, playing cards and dominoes and drinking wine, while the women sew and talk.”

Just then they passed a middle-aged man who walked rather unsteadily, but did not forget his good French manners. He almost fell down as he tried to bow and lift his cap. The young women all giggled after he had passed. One of them explained: “That’s old Pierre Hobain. My father says he is no good because he drinks too much, but he is always pleasant and polite to us.”

Then they went into one of the wooden houses, the home of one of the young women. A porch ran the entire length of the house in front, and this was fitted with a railing. As the porch was 2 or 3 feet above the ground, there were steps leading up to it, about opposite the front door. The thatched roof of the house was of moderate slope, and extended clear out over the porch. In front, and clear around the house, was a picket fence, exactly like a modern picket fence, except that the pickets were not pointed but were cut off square at the end.

The front door opened into a hall which ran right through the house, so as to provide a through draft. There were four windows in front, and the same num-

ber behind. Rooms opened into the hall from each side and, at one end of the house, there was a big fireplace, with a large chimney built outside.

"Most of the wooden houses are just like this," explained the young woman in whose home they were. "Some are built with each room opening on the porch, instead of into the hall."

Antoinette thought that the furnishings of the house indicated quite a degree of comfort. In each bedroom there was a large bed about six feet square, with a straw mattress and a feather mattress, the whole being shut off by curtains of green cloth. Apparently there were no sheets. For children there were several little cots D3 D3

"There seem to be many children in the village," remarked Antoinette.

"Oh, yes," replied Gabrielle. "Here, each family has many children, because we can have all the land we want. It is different from France, where the law about the descent of land makes people want only one or two children, as you probably know."

Against the wall were many chests, large and small, plain and decorated; most of them were of walnut. Here they kept their finer clothes and household draperies, valuable documents and probably, in some cases, money. There were also "armoires" or wardrobes, where they kept the clothing used daily, and other odds and ends. These chests and armoires were what they had been used to in France.

"You didn't bring all these things with you?" exclaimed Antoinette.

“Of course not,” explained her hostess. “We have here in the village a very good cabinetmaker, Mr. Beaudreau. He is kept quite busy making furniture. Of course, now and then a few pieces made in France come up from New Orleans.”

But the kitchen was the center of all family life just as it had been, and still is, in France. Around and in the large fireplace, hung all the usual pots and pans and kettles, spits, boilers, poker, scrapers and other utensils and equipment.

In the middle of the kitchen stood a long oaken table, with several straight backed chairs of the same material, for grown-ups. For the children, at meal-time, some of the chests around the walls were drawn up to the table.

Then, they showed Antoinette the little orchard and garden back of the house. There were peach and plum trees, a flower garden and a vegetable garden, where all the usual vegetables grew. These exiled French had brought with them all the knack for real cooking that is found in France, so they had to have all the necessary vegetables.

There was a well for drinking water. For washing clothes, they used the great Mississippi.

“Why,” exclaimed Antoinette, after looking again at the exterior of the house, “this is very much like the houses they have out in the country around Quebec, especially your sloping roofs that come out over the porch, and your picket fences around the houses.”

Antoinette’s remark could be made today. The whole effect is seen today in the villages out east of

Quebec, where the houses are so much like those they had in Prairie du Rocher, that you can easily imagine yourself back in the Illinois of the eighteenth century. There is one definite difference: in the Prairie du Rocher of the French days, farms were not separated by fences but only by two furrows, while in the Quebec farming country of today, the French are so jealous as to their property rights, that every bit of land, however small, is carefully fenced. In places you can scarcely see the farms for the fences.

Antoinette noticed that most of the women wore short overskirts about knee length, below which was a long petticoat. On their feet they wore moccasins, and on their heads wide brimmed straw hats which they wove themselves. In the winter, so they told her, they wore fur caps. Fur was plentiful and cheap.

They used for their dresses cloth which they bought from traders, because the French Government prohibited them from weaving cloth. This, in the interest of French industry. It was a typical example of the paternal government then existing in France.

"What are those little log cabins over there?" asked Antoinette ๐๓ ๐๓

"Oh, those are the homes of the Frenchmen who have Indian wives," replied Gabrielle. "We don't like to have them too near us," she added.

"You don't like the red people?" said Antoinette.

"Oh, no! It isn't that. It is not their color that we find fault with. It's because they are dirty and lazy and absolutely undependable. They let their homes get into very bad condition. If they live next door to

you, and let their house and yard get dirty and all run down, then your own property suffers. We find the only sensible way is to have them live separately, where they can be just as dirty as they please."

"I understand that they like to go to church," said Antoinette D3 D3

"Oh, yes; it's something new, so they are interested without having any understanding of it. The priests, too, like to report that they have made new converts."

"By the way," asked the newcomer, "how many people are there here in Prairie du Rocher?"

"We have just about 125," replied Gabrielle, with evident satisfaction. "There are about 200 French over at Kaskaskia and a few more at Saint Philippe, so here in the valley we number about 350, not counting the garrison. Of course, we do not count the half-breed children because they are not a credit to the French race." She added: "We have found out that the half-breed children show all the worst characteristics of both parents. Apparently, it is difficult to 'breed up' a race. The more they intermarry, the more inferior the stock becomes. But our government has found that out, too, so they have prohibited any further intermarriage."

When Antoinette and her companions came back to the village square or common, they could see the farms of the settlers stretching out in long thin strips, each one running down to the river.

"You see," remarked Alice, "we try to be exact and just about everything, so our farms are laid out so that every farmer has a little frontage on the river."

"Yes, I know," replied Antoinette. "It's exactly the same way around Quebec; all farms run to the river. But what is going to happen when the village becomes a large city and many more people live here, I wonder?" D3 D3

"It won't be so easy," chimed in Elisabeth, the fourth member of the party. "My father says that some day Prairie du Rocher is sure to be an immense city, because of its location; that there will be many great cities in the Illinois country, inhabited by millions of French people, just like France. He says there will be many fine cobblestone roads around the great cities, and thousands of carts on those roads.

"There will be great colleges and museums and palaces, just like Paris. He and his friends all think that Illinois will be another France, some day. How I wish I could live to see all that, with the whole Illinois country inhabited by millions of Frenchmen! How wonderful it will be!"

How little they realized that, while millions of people would actually inhabit Illinois in less than two centuries, they would all be English speaking people, and not one in a thousand of them would even know that French people had been the only white inhabitants of Illinois in the beginning.

As the French settlers built almost entirely of wood, almost all of their structures have disappeared. There is so little to show that they once lived, worked, loved, and played happily here, just as we do now. The fortunes of war, the misfortunes of inept government, and the general trend of progress have eliminated the evi-

dences of their residence almost as thoroughly as the sun so quickly removes all signs of the morning dew.

But, happily, there is just a trace of the old civilization left in Prairie du Rocher. As Antoinette and her friends strolled down the street that day so long, long ago, they gazed unwittingly at two houses that were destined to stand for many generations; in fact they are still standing there, and may be seen today, though they are now greatly changed in appearance. Antoinette, if she could return, would not be able to recognize them D3 D3

One of those houses is now the home of Mrs. Adele Melliere. The other is known as the "Old Louvier Home" and belongs to Mr. Joseph Brewer of Prairie du Rocher. It is located near the cemetery where Jean St. Therese Langlois staked out the town in 1722.

Although the wide-extending roof, jutting out to form the porch, identifies both these houses, the original log siding has been covered with weather-boarding, the windows are of glass, and the roofs are of modern materials. The old picket fences have been replaced by iron fences, resting on stone foundations. Gutters and downspouts complete the modern touch.

Nevertheless, those who are capable of responding to the tranquillizing effect of a bit of the supernatural, may easily imagine on a quiet evening that they can hear along these porches the faint clink of wine glasses and the low murmur of French songs; the voices of happy people, who, caught here by adverse circumstances, abandoned their homes and went away, never to return D3 D3

Antoinette of Illinois

X.



ON MONDAY MORNING, everybody turned out to build the new houses. Those who knew something about carpentry supervised the building of the walls, which were made by sinking logs upright into the ground, very close to each other. The logs had first been squared, and then hollowed out on two sides, so that where they fitted together, there was a hollow place, and into this space they poured mud and stones or gravel, thus making the wall as airtight as possible.

The men who knew something about masonry, went ahead with building a fireplace at one end or at both ends of the house, using roughly quarried stone for this purpose. They also built a large chimney for each fireplace, erecting the chimney on the outside of the house. Another group prepared the thatch roof for each house, and the timbers to support it. The women joined in all this work, and also busied themselves preparing a big noonday meal for everybody. Some of the Indians were used in lifting the heavier timbers, and in doing similar work that required no special intelligence D3 D3

At first Antoinette joined in this work with some interest and curiosity, but soon tired of it. She took all that activity for granted, as an obvious immediate necessity. Her foremost desire was to look at Fort de Chartres. There, with the military, in her opinion,

rested France's only hope of success, her only reliance against the English, whom she so cordially hated.

Fortunately for the restlessness of her mind, she was able the very next day to join a group of new settlers, who had been invited to visit the fort. As she had never before been inside a fort, she was immensely impressed. The great stone gateway gave her her first thrill D3 D3

The walls, all of stone, seemed to her to be impregnable. She saw the barracks for the soldiers, the quarters for the officers, the chapel, the storehouses, the magazine for ammunition, and several other buildings; also a small parade ground. Today, only the magazine still stands somewhat in its original condition, although many of the other buildings have been very well restored by the State of Illinois. After the days of Antoinette, the Mississippi River, during its many great floods, swept into the fort and all but obliterated it entirely D3 D3

Although Antoinette observed very keenly, she was not yet so practical-minded as to realize that the walls were almost five hundred feet in circumference. Nor did she know that this was the largest stone fort on the North American continent, and that it had cost, in terms of present-day money, just about one million dollars. She knew that the officers were of the French nobility and were, therefore, able to buy their own uniforms, in keeping with an ages-old military tradition. She was pleased that they appeared so well and so creditably, for France.

She was greatly disappointed at the appearance of

the soldiers, as many of their uniforms were shabby and ragged. She probably did not realize that this was due to the neglect and carelessness of the French government, nor would she have admitted it even if she had known. But there were so many soldiers that Antoinette was happy. Here, she thought, was good support for the ambitious project that was already forming in her child's mind. She decided that she would learn more and more about this garrison.

At that time, there was an Indian village near each French village. As the Illinois Indians were not as war-like as some of the other tribes, in what we now call the Middle West, they had got the worst of it in several inter-tribal wars. Their numbers had been greatly reduced, and their spirit broken. For this reason, and because the priests wished to convert as many of them to Christianity as possible, the French had moved many of the Illinii, as they were called, from the northern part of the state, and settled them here in the Kaskaskia region where they could be protected D3 D3

Antoinette, in a vague sort of way, believed the time might come, when all the Indians in the entire region could be made useful to France on a large scale. So she decided to become better acquainted with them, and to learn their language and their customs.

There was no lack of opportunity to learn the language of the Indians. Many of their women were employed by the French families and, besides, there were the Indian wives of some of the French.

Then too, there were the priests, most of whom had

had to learn the Indian language, in order to carry on their religious work. Most of the priests in the valley were Recollets, or Quebec Seminary priests, though there were a few Jesuits. But all of them were willing to help Antoinette in her linguistic efforts. Her mother and father wondered at her enthusiasm, especially as they looked upon the Indians as a dirty, worthless lot, whose language, in their opinion, could not possibly be worth learning.

But, despite their objection, Antoinette persisted and, according to the priests, made wonderful progress. When she learned that the priests frequently went with the Indians on their annual summer hunt for game, she made it a point to ask the reverend fathers many questions about the nature of the surrounding regions, and the kinds of Indians they came in contact with. Both the "Black Robes," as the Indians called the Jesuits, and the "Grey Robes," their name for the Recollets, gave her a great deal of useful information. Secretly, she decided that when she was older she would go herself on some of these expeditions.



Antoinette of Illinois

XI.



TIME WORE ON. The newly arrived families settled gradually into the routine of Prairie du Rocher. They found their new houses comfortable, even as summer merged into autumn, and the air grew crisper and cooler.

The village, in fact, all the villages of the valley were thrown into a state of great excitement one day by the arrival of the royal convoy from New Orleans. There were two convoys each year. On the average, each convoy consisted of six or eight bateaux, or small galleys, made of oak, and of 15 to 20 tons burden. They were about 40 feet long and 10 feet wide, with a wooden cover to protect the cargo. They were propelled by sails and oars. Apparently the French never tried the warping and poling method, which the American settlers used so successfully at a later period, and in which we know that Abraham Lincoln once took part. It generally required about 90 days to come up from New Orleans. Sometimes they would make the return journey down stream in from 12 to 14 days. The royal convoys always carried a guard of soldiers, as a much needed protection against marauding Indians. The danger was greatest when they tied up to the bank for the night, which they always did, because navigation was difficult even in the daytime.

The French villagers always knew of the convoy's

prospective arrival several days in advance, because the convoy commander would send messages ahead by runners, or by canoe. So everybody would plan to be in Kaskaskia on the big day. The actual arrival was signalled by the ringing of church bells throughout the valley D3 D3

Kaskaskia was the principal port for unloading, because there the boats found quiet water at the mouth of the Kaskaskia River. Once made fast to the shore, the crews began to discharge the cargoes of bales, boxes and barrels under the curious and approving gaze of the settlers.

Mens' clothing, cloth for women's dresses and for household purposes, iron stoves, chairs, tables and other furniture of French manufacture, tools, plows; these were the general merchandise cargo. Then there might be special supplies for Fort de Chartres, such as arms, ammunition and uniform clothing. Another article that sometimes came was money, that is to say, metal money for small transactions, because there was always a shortage along this line. It was difficult to keep in circulation, because the people would hide it away against a rainy day. The French have always been expert at this, both at home and abroad. So scarce was money in the valley, that beaver skins and other furs were generally used as money in ordinary transactions. For large deals, a man might use warehouse receipts, which represented goods which he had placed in the government warehouse in New Orleans, these being recognized as legal tender.

For the return trip to New Orleans, the bateaux

were loaded with wheat and other grain, hides, certain types of lumber and other products of the farm and forest. In other words, the settlement exported products of the soil, and imported manufactured articles. A few passengers might also board the bateaux for New Orleans; perhaps some of the military personnel from the fort, or some venturesome trader who hoped to find attractive bargains in the "big city."

So the arrival of the royal convoy was a gala occasion; one of the biggest of the year. Occasionally there were private convoys, too, though merchants always tried to have their private boats attached to royal convoys, because it was much safer.



Antoinette of Illinois

XII.



THESE FRENCH PEOPLE in Prairie du Rocher and the other villages, these first white Illinoisans, had plenty of social life. The French are naturally a gay people, and there is nothing in the record to show that isolation here in the heart of the continent made any marked change in their natures. In fact, it is safe to say that the inhabitants of a French settlement got more out of life by way of pleasure, than did a corresponding English-American village.

Every Sunday night there was a dance in one of the larger houses, attended by almost everyone, including the priest. To these affairs, the younger officers and their wives from Fort de Chartres brought some of the social graces and frills of the nobility of France, to say nothing of the brilliancy of their uniforms and the elegance of some of the gowns, modeled after the latest Paris fashions brought up the river from New Orleans, probably two years out of date, but still "the latest." Then, too, some of the older inhabitants had accumulated wealth and, on social occasions, they too would venture a certain elegance and richness of dress.

When Antoinette attained her sixteenth birthday, she was allowed to attend these dances. Although she enjoyed herself, she could not have been described as an outstanding social success. She was probably a bit too serious minded, and besides, she was at an awk-

ward age; an awkwardness that had a touch of reality, because she was so unusually tall for her years. Boys of her own age, or anywhere near it, seemed embarrassed by her superior height, and older men tended to cluster around the more frivolous women of more experience D3 D3

As the French are naturally democratic in their attitude, these parties were probably attended by all three social classes of the village. There was the official class, the wealthy class and the "habitants," as all the remainder of the people were called. Of course, there was much conversation. Necessarily so, because they were all French. They talked about the same things that we do today, except railroads, steamships, airplanes, electricity, radio, television, because of these things they had not even dreamed. Nor did they talk about divorce, because they were all Catholics and the church attended to that interesting subject.

It is safe to say that at these large gatherings, the most common remarks were, for example: "I'm glad to see you out and around again." "Sorry you couldn't come to my card party." "Are you going to Madame X's party on Saturday night," "Too bad about the little Rivard boy breaking his leg. Parents should watch their children more closely." "By the way, has Mercier let you sample that new wine he got by the last convoy? It's magnificent. Better drop over and see him." "M-m-m, take a look at that young Mrs. Blank over there. Cute, isn't she?" "I think it's a shame the way our village authorities let the fence around the village commons get out of repair.

I'm going to write a letter about that." "They tell me that Martin is going to take a trip to New Orleans, again. I wonder where he gets the money."

Such was their line of conversation; such was the type of remarks made when the socialites of Babylon flocked to one of Nebucadnezzar's big parties in the Hanging Gardens; in such vein chattered the Athenians when they went up on the Acropolis to the big party that Phidias threw, when he opened the Parthenon, and so do we talk today.

Antoinette and her father made it a point to visit the other villages, taking advantage of Sundays and holidays, there being so many of the latter, that it was said to have been an interference with the prosperity of the settlement. Kaskaskia, to the east, was much like Prairie du Rocher, only somewhat larger. Saint Philippe, to the west, was much smaller.

These villages have all disappeared or been moved to another site, since those days, except Prairie du Rocher, where there are still two houses that are said to be of the original community. Some of the townspeople of today are said to be descendants of the French of Antoinette's time. But the people there no longer speak French. In fact they do not call their town by its pretty French name, pronounced "Pray-ree du Rochay." They now call it "Roacher!"

Life at Prairie du Rocher would have been insufferably dull for an enterprising people, full of thoughts of individual freedom, and ambitious to improve their standard of living. But most of these settlers were French peasants, accustomed through countless gen-

erations to a fixed mode of life. Nor were they allowed much choice, governed as they were by so much direction from Paris. So one year was very much like another in this quiet, remote but happy valley.

But with Antoinette it was a little different; she was so continuously occupied in planning for the mission in life which she had selected for herself, though for two years she said very little about it. She visited the Indian villages in the neighborhood, talked with the priests and with the officers and soldiers of the garrison, until she had literally exhausted all local sources of information.

Naturally, a young woman of her unusual appearance attracted men, and there were several who attempted to pay her serious attention. All in vain. She was not interested. This was shocking to her father and mother, who were firm believers in early marriage, and who were prepared to contribute a substantial dot.

By the time she had attained her eighteenth birthday, Antoinette was a striking, almost Amazon-like creature. She stood just six feet in her moccasins; her shoulders were fairly broad, her hips of the narrow rather than the bulging type; her torso well developed. By natural inclination and, perhaps through observing the Indians, she carried herself very erect, and walked with a lithe stride. Her dark complexion, with just a glow of red, and her jet black hair, caused the Indians to believe in a dull, vague sort of way that she must have come originally from the same stock as themselves D3 D3

As a matter of fact, she inherited some of these char-

acteristics through her mother, who came originally from the south of France, down where the Eastern Pyrennes terminate on the shores of the Mediterranean. When the Arabs, or Moors, crossed over from Africa, and conquered the southern part of Spain in the year A.D. 705, they established themselves so securely that they remained there for seven hundred years. During that long period of time, some of their blood naturally intermingled, not only with the Spaniards', but with that of the French, who lived right across the border. Traces of Moorish blood can be seen there today, very definitely.

Antoinette's thick, black hair; her dark complexion; her black, deep-set eyes and their penetrating glance, with a definite touch of command; her unusual height and her graceful carriage; all these were her Arab inheritance, however remote it may have been, while her strong body, her poise and her apparent aloofness came from her father's side of the house, descendants of the hardy Norman invaders of the northern shores of France. The fire that burned so secretly in her soul would have come from the Arab blood; her courage and her persistence were Norman traits.

Antoinette's parents were not happy about her unusual obsessions and her strong tendency toward adventure, though they secretly admired her fearless super-patriotism. Her father had prospered. He was a hard worker, and had made money out of his farm. With these earnings, and the money he had brought from France, he built a small windmill for grinding grain, and this increased his income.

Thus, Antoinette's home life was comfortable, but not even this caused her to swerve in the slightest degree from her chosen mission. In the meantime, her influence over the Indians grew apace.

They were deeply impressed, not only by her physique, but by her dignity and her aloofness, traits which appealed to them. So much so that, among themselves, they always referred to her as "Daughter of the Great Spirit."


After she felt certain that she had thoroughly indoctrinated her local Indians with anti-English propaganda, Antoinette visited the Spanish-French settlement of St. Louis, talked with the Indians there, and sent some of the young bucks with inflammatory messages to the Dacotahs, the Sioux, the Pawnees and other western tribes D3 D3

She accompanied one group of Indians into Kentucky, where she talked with the Shawnees and Cherokees, but withdrew quickly when she sensed great danger, because those tribes had already been successfully contacted by English colonists from the South Atlantic colonies.



Antoinette of Illinois

XIII.



THROUGH HER OWN local Indian followers, Antoinette had sent messages to some of the Illinois Indians, who still remained along the lower stretches of the Illinois River. But there was one region where some of them lived, which she wished to visit, and that was the country around the upper Kaskaskia and the upper Sangamon. She believed it would be practicable to go up the Kaskaskia by canoe, then portage to the Sangamon, going down that stream to the Illinois.

Some people still call the Kaskaskia the Okaw River. That is because the French considered the letter "s" a silent letter in their own language, and so their pronunciation was "kaw kaw kia." And, as they generally spoke in the sense of "at" or "on" the river, they said "aux kawkawkia," pronouncing it "Oh kawkawkia"; so the short form became "Okaw."

With five Indians selected from among her most trusted followers, and with three good-sized canoes, Antoinette started up the Kaskaskia. They progressed rapidly, two to a canoe. As Antoinette plied a strong oar herself, she was not merely a passenger. Her baggage required considerable space, because she always carried many presents for the Indians, and also her own ceremonial garments. On journeys she went bare-legged, like the Indians, but once in camp she always put on her ceremonial clothes.

The river, at that time, carried far more water than it does now, so the going was good; fallen trees and caved-in banks being about the only obstacles to their steady advance. The valley was heavily wooded, and enough game and fish were easily obtained for so small a party D3 D3

When they came to what is now Clinton County, they entered a tributary, which is now called Shoal Creek. In what is now Bond County, they ascended the West Fork of Shoal Creek, because it seemed to have deeper water.

In the present Montgomery County, at a point not many miles from where now stand the cities of Litchfield and Hillsboro, they found they had reached the limit of progress by water, so they hid their canoes and started northwest on foot, distributing the baggage among the six individuals, who arranged it in packs which they carried on their backs—nothing unusual for any of them. Then they followed a stream now known as "The Branch."

Early that afternoon, Antoinette and her party made camp on the bank of The Branch at a point about one mile east of the center of the present city of Litchfield. Fortunately, the place where she camped is easily identified, even at this late date. At this point, there stood at that time on the east bank of the stream a great elm tree, towering very straight to a height of perhaps a hundred feet. Opposite the elm tree, on the other side of the stream, a bank of red clay rose almost sheer to a height of about twenty feet. In this bank swallows, in great numbers, had drilled holes for their

nests. Off to the north and west, the rolling prairie trended to the horizon. About a mile to the north, in a straight line, there could be seen another elm tree growing by the side of The Branch, just where another stream entered it from the west. Both the elm trees have disappeared during the past fifty years, and the bank of red clay has been somewhat graded down, but their exact locations can still be pointed out by people who know the country well.

After putting her people in camp, Antoinette donned her ceremonial garments, and paced up and down across a sunny slope that led up to the east; a gentle slope covered with a curious kind of short grass, with here and there a tall mullen stalk, and bunches of white flowered dog-fennel, or the bulging blue blossoms of the thistle.

This slope may be seen today in almost the same condition as it was at that time. It leads from The Branch up to the level area where now stands the old Davis mansion, occupied by a family of that name for the past seventy-five years.

On this gentle green slope Antoinette appeared to startling advantage. Her long, deerskin trousers, mustard yellow in color, the seams heavily fringed, accentuated her unusual height. Her moccasins were gay with beads of many colors. Her long, loose fitting coat of deerskin was heavily fringed along the front, and at the cuffs and pockets.

Down over her breast, there cascaded a thick sheet of beads, red, yellow, blue, green and white, with many tufts of brilliant hued feathers of hummingbirds, red

birds, canaries and bluebirds. The same device covered her shoulders and back, being fastened under the arms to the sheet of beads in front. Thus, the whole covering resembled a brilliantly colored cuirass.

Her hair was parted in the middle, the wavy black masses on each side of the part being held in place by a broad bandeau, made of small red shells fastened to cloth. Two long braids fell down her back, Indian fashion D3 D3

As she walked back and forth, she stopped now and then to gaze intently toward the north. Apparently she was expecting someone. But, as the afternoon wore on, no one appeared. Once a red fox appeared in a near-by gulley, stopped when he saw her, and quickly disappeared. Three wolves loped across the prairie some distance to the north, stopped to drink from The Branch, and then passed out of sight to the east D3 D3

As the late afternoon light faded, the sun poised for a moment on the horizon directly behind the tall elm tree, and slowly submerged in a sea of shining crimson. Antoinette rejoined her party at the campfire, darkness came down, and the little valley began to sparkle with the lights of thousands of fireflies.

Before going to sleep, the Indians smeared their faces and bodies with the juice of a white berry they called "wishwish"—a sure protection against mosquitoes. Antoinette used the same preventive on her face and hands. The little stream, which, in those days carried almost a foot of water at that point throughout the year, purred and gurgled and tinkled in the silence

of the night. From the topmost branch of the elm tree, a nighthawk, rising occasionally, dived and dived again, with his miniature airplane zoom, feasting busily on bugs that rose unwarily from the security of the grass.

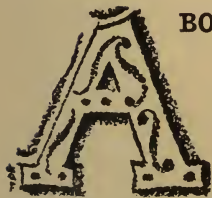
The next morning two of the Indians went out to search for game in a great wooded tract that began immediately to the south.* Two others went out over the prairies to the west. By noon both parties had returned with plenty of food: six prairie-chickens, two pigeons, a possum and an eel. Near the camp, blackberries grew in profusion. In fact, game and berries were so plentiful in those days, that Antoinette and her companions lived easily off the country. All they carried with them was a little salt.

*A part of this wooded tract exists today in the form of a park-like area, fronting on one of the principal avenues of the city of Litchfield, and owned by the Henrichs family. Its identification is complete.



Antoinette of Illinois

XIV.



ABOUT THE MIDDLE of the morning Antoinette returned to her observation post near the top of the slope. Early in the afternoon her gaze to the north was rewarded. A few specks in the distance gradually developed into the shapes of men and, as they approached, she made out a party of fifteen Indians, marching in characteristic single file. Soon they were fording The Branch at her camp site and their leader, apparently recognizing her, saluted Antoinette Indian fashion.

She led them to the campfire, around which they seated themselves silently and solemnly. Their chief, a man probably a little more than middle age, looked much older. From his features and manner of talk, Antoinette saw that he belonged to the Illinois tribe. From him she learned that his name was "Face-like-Horse," a member of the Sangamo group. His long nose, with large nostrils, his heavy cheek bones, and his big ears, indicated that he was well named.

As a preliminary to conversation, the chief produced a long pipe, filled it with tobacco, and lighted it with an ember from the fire. Antoinette quickly produced her own pipe and joined the chief in smoking, an art which she had been careful to learn during her contact with the Indians at Prairie du Rocher.

First, old "Face-like-Horse" looked about the little

valley with a satisfied air and remarked: "When I was a little boy, my people had a village right here on this spot. I remember this elm tree. And you see those three crab-apple trees over there, standing around that little depression? That is where we children played. Those bank swallows were here then, too. They were very clever, because they dug the holes for their nests so far below the top of the bank, that we could not reach them from above, and so far up from the bottom, that we could not climb up to them on account of the crumbling earth.

"It was a good place for a village. We had plenty of game and, because we were not on a large stream, we were never discovered by our enemies. We raised four crops of maize and beans here, but finally moved because this valley is flooded every spring."

A pleasant smile broke over the old chief's face as memory brought back his happy childhood. And his statements seem to be verified by the fact that, within the memory of men now living, many Indian arrowheads of flint have been found along the stream-bed very near this point.

"And where will you go from here, Oh Chief?" asked Antoinette D3 D3

"After hearing that you might be in this region," he replied, "I decided that I would try to meet you, and then go on to Piasa to make my devotions to my Manitou, the great painting on the bluff. See, this one I carry with me."

With that he produced a small wood carving, which was a crude reproduction or representation of the mys-

terious painting which, until recent years, was visible on the bluffs near Piasa. It was the custom of every Indian to have a manitou or Deity or good-luck token, which he worshiped assiduously in order that his earthly affairs might be blessed with good fortune or, conversely, that he might be protected against the many evil spirits which he believed were all about him.

After an appropriate silence, Antoinette revealed her mission. She warned the chief that the English-Americans were gradually moving to the west; that they were already building forts, and making settlements in the Ohio country.

Many more were moving from their lands along the Atlantic Coast, and up over the Allegheny Mountains, then hurrying down along the watercourses that led to "La Belle Riviere," as the Ohio River was then called by the French. They were bringing their women, children and household effects with them; a bad sign, she thought D3 D3

"These English-Americans are a cruel, avaricious people," she continued. "And they are the allies of our worst enemies, the Iroquois. You know how badly the Iroquois have treated us French and Indians."

"Yes," interrupted the chief. "I know the Iroquois only too well. Even in the days of my grandfather they came upon us from the East, like a great storm. They burned our villages and crops and killed our people. In fact, they drove my people completely out of the Chicagou country and from the upper reaches of the Illinois River. The Iroquois are cruel and selfish. What makes it worse is that they are strong and well

organized. Still worse, they are well supplied with arms by the English-Americans." A look of resentment passed over the old chief's face.

"Well then," exclaimed Antoinette, "we must unite and destroy these enemies; we French and Indians! Surely you must know how kind the French have been to the Indians. Our "Black Robes" and our "Grey Robes" have been among the Indians since before the time of your great grandfather. They are the agents of the Great Spirit, himself. Their only thought is to care for the children of God, whether they be Indians or French. To do this, they have suffered every conceivable hardship.

"Unlike the English-Americans, we do not try to take your lands and and hunting grounds away from you." [She probably did not know that the French government had granted millions of acres to French companies and French individuals, for development as they pleased.]

"We are asking the strong tribes on the other side of the Great Water [the Mississippi River] to join us," continued Antoinette, "the Sioux, the Dacotahs, the Pawnees and the Osage. Already we know that the tribes to the north, the Foxes, the Winnebagoes, the Potawatomes, and the Kickapoos, will join us if only to avenge themselves on the Iroquois. Many more French soldiers are coming. Do you not know, Oh Chief, that the French King is King of all the kings in the great land beyond the sea! He has riches far greater than all the riches in this land, and his soldiers are more numerous than all the leaves on all the

trees that you can see here! As you know, he has built near here the greatest fort in all the world!

"Come, join us! Have all your people join us! Let us destroy the Iroquois! Let us drive the English out of the Ohio country, burn the Pennsylvania settlements, where the people have been so cruel to the Indians. Let us move on into the country called Virginia and Maryland! We must capture their young leader, Georges Watchtingtone, and finally drive them all into the sea! Only in this way can we live in peace here in the country of the Illinii!

"Wake up, Oh Chief, prepare your people for the warpath. I will give the signal! Yes, before the second snow from now; before we have eaten the maize of next summer's harvest!"

The old chief listened intently as she spoke in excited tones, her black eyes flashing with every word. After a long silence, he nodded his head slowly: "It shall be so, Oh Daughter of the Great Spirit!" Then, after another moment of silence, he added: "I go now to Piasa to beseech the blessing of my manitou."

As he spoke, a red-headed woodpecker, high up in the elm tree, drummed and drummed repeatedly; his preview of the drums of war. As the light of the afternoon sun began to fade the old chief and his fourteen warriors disappeared in the wooded area to the south, on their way to Piasa.

During the next few days, Antoinette conducted her party north until she came to the upper waters of the Sangamo. Here she traded with the Indians, and harangued them on the subject of war. Finally, she ob-

tained three new canoes, and embarked in them for the trip over to the Illinois River. During the next few months she visited Indians along the upper Illinois, finally coming to Lake Michigan, where stood a tiny village which they called Chicagou.

As there were only a few Indians at this place, and as it was swept by rains and fog much of the time, she tarried there only a few days, and then started on her return journey, going all the way down the Illinois to the Mississippi, making another visit to the village called Saint Louis, and finally arriving back at Prairie du Rocher D3 D3


On the second night after her return, a dinner was given in her honor; a great dinner in one of the largest houses. The menu included all kinds of game and fish, imported wines, wines of the country, and the vegetables that the villagers had raised in their own gardens with seeds brought from France.

The wealthier citizens and the commandant of Fort de Chartres contributed enough silver to make the table sparkle. Each of the women had a knife and fork, but the men were given only a fork as it was their custom to use their hunting knives at the table. In true French fashion, there was at each plate a small metal or glass device, on which each guest placed his knife and fork between courses, and then used them for the next course. This saved washing them or supplying fresh cutlery for each course.

By this time, almost everyone was aware of Antoinette's ambition and many felicitous speeches were made, though in guarded phrases.

Antoinette of Illinois

XV.


IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME that a young man came into Antoinette's life. She found him attractive, despite the fact, maybe on account of the fact, that he was a "coureur de bois." He had the good looks, the physique, the air of romance, the dash and the mystery associated with that unusual group of men.

The "coureurs de bois," literally "runners of the forest," liberally "rangers of the forest," were actually trappers. In all the history of the white man's conquest of distant lands, there seems to be no case parallel to that of the "coureurs de bois," individual adventurers who as individuals, advanced far ahead of the settlers, far ahead even of the army, carrying on their affairs supported solely by their own courage and their own wits.

It came about in this way. No sooner had the French established their first small settlements in Canada back in 1603, than they became obsessed with the possibilities of the trade in furs. They found that they could buy the pelts of beavers from the Indians for almost nothing, and sell them in Europe for very high prices. And the supply seemed inexhaustible.

Thus, many young Frenchmen from the villages of Quebec and Montreal became trappers or "coureurs de bois," as the French called them. They worked along both shores of all the Great Lakes; far north

in Canada; all through the northern part of the Illinois country before any settlers came there; and far, far to the west, following the Missouri River and the River Platte clear up to Montana in the north, and into southern Colorado to the south. No one knows just how far they did go.

Enterprising, courageous and tireless as the Jesuit priests were in the pursuit of the Indians' souls, they were far surpassed by the "coureurs de bois" in the latter's pursuit of beaver skins. These trappers not only caught beavers and other fur-bearing animals in their own traps, but they traded with Indians for any pelts that the latter had obtained. After a year or so in the far wilderness, leading the life of Indians, these trappers would return to some trading post on the Great Lakes or on the Mississippi River, there to sell their large loads of furs.

Then, with pockets fairly bulging with money, they would go on a tremendous spree in some settlement, as Prairie du Rocher, for example. The average "coureur" would remain drunk as long as his money lasted, making a general nuisance of himself, lurching along the streets, singing and cursing at the top of his voice. At the end of his spree, quite worn out with gaiety, and with money all gone, he seldom failed to visit the local priest to have his sins washed away. After his wash, duly penitent, but full of renewed energy and thirsting for further adventure, he would return to his beloved but distant wilderness.

The Jesuit priests heartily disapproved of the "coureurs," not only on account of the wild, dissolute

lives that most of them lived, but because they generally had Indian wives or at least lived with Indian women, thus acquiring much influence among the tribesmen; a very bad influence, it was thought.

Unfortunately for history, few, if any, of these "coureurs de bois" could write, so their remarkable adventures and discoveries went unrecorded. However, some of the priests obtained accounts from them, and reduced these to writing.

It was the Jesuits, probably, who recorded the story of a few "coureurs de bois" who, far up the south branch of the River Platte, in what is now Colorado, encountered a small detachment of Spanish soldiers who had come up from Mexico. In that remote country, out among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, these few Frenchmen and few Spaniards, together with some of their respective Indian allies, fought a pitched battle on a small scale, on behalf of their respective countries then at war in Europe.

But, to get back to the individual "coureur de bois" who had taken a fancy to Antoinette. His name was Édouard Téméraire. He had probably been attracted to the girl in the first place because of the fact that she was so tall, he himself being six feet three.

But Édouard also felt Antoinette's personality to be challenging in the extreme. Up to that time, he had been accustomed to bowling over any opposition that he met. He had fought white men; he had fought Indians and, on one occasion, armed only with a hunting knife, he had conquered a wildcat, single handed.

Now, for the first time in his life, he feared that he

had met his match. His storms of bravado and boasting, and his assertions of self-aggrandizement did not seem to register with this quiet, self-possessed girl. Her amiable aloofness was baffling and when she turned on her slow, inscrutable smile, Édouard felt that he was not getting anywhere—nor was he. It was the same elusive, mysterious smile that Leonardo da Vinci had captured, two centuries before, when he painted the famous Mona Lisa.

It could be said that Antoinette belonged to the naturalist school in her appreciation of men. To her, Édouard was merely a specimen, an interesting one, yet merely a specimen, to be examined and appraised. Love played very little part in her life. It was not that Nature had failed to endow her with this basic emotion; it had simply been crowded out of her life by her great overpowering obsession: her conviction that the English must be held back, forced to retire beyond the Alleghenies, crowded against the Atlantic coast and there be destroyed; all for the security, the honor and the glory of her beloved France. And all of this was her personal mission, she thought, if her life could be spared to that end. The spirit of Joan of Arc was always by her side.

Édouard, she thought, might be useful for her purpose, if he had enough influence with other “coureurs de bois” and with the Indians west of the Mississippi. If he could mobilize all these, he certainly would be an ideal leader for these hosts from beyond “The Great Water.” So she held Édouard in the mesh of her fascination for possible future employment.

Antoinette of Illinois

XVI.



AS THE DAY APPROACHED for the celebration of Antoinette's "Saint's Day," the village decided to make it a great occasion. Édouard Téméraire, the "coureur," decided to swear off the drinking of liquor as his contribution to the anniversary, a real sacrifice, indeed. Inwardly, Édouard felt that this might only be a temporary measure, but he was sure it would please Antoinette. Bossu, the devoted fellow townsman from La Candide, offered his services as general manager of the celebration.

On the day before the great event, Antoinette was greatly depressed by the news that the English had won a great victory over the French in the region between New England and the Saint Lawrence River. They were advancing on Quebec and Montreal. She slept very little that night because of her anxiety over this reversal to French arms.

She dreamed of Joan of Arc, her great services, and her sad fate. Actually, Antoinette had never known that Joan had met her fate because the French themselves, or at least the Burgundians, had really sold Joan to the English, who had then burned her at the stake. They called it a ransom, but no one ever explained by what theory the English had a right to ransom the Maid of Orleans. At any rate, Antoinette spent a sleepless and tearful night.

Early next morning, she went over to Fort de Chartres to gain renewed courage by talking with the soldiers, and looking at their stores of ammunition and other military supplies. She was consoled by the officers' good cheer, and their optimistic view of the approaching hostilities.

Before leaving the fort, she entered the little chapel there and prayed at length for the success of her plans, now that the great crisis seemed imminent. She added to her prayer a message to the soul of Joan of Arc:

"Oh, Jeanne," she prayed, "may God give me courage equal to yours. Last night, in my dreams, I saw you as you burned at the stake. You were enveloped in a sheet of white flame, a martyr's shroud, but there was a look of great peace on your face. If my plans are destined to fail, may I too die in the same way for my people! Amen!"

Just before noon, all the people of the village assembled in front of the church. The old priest, Father Rozet, whisked busily about, talking with his parishioners. It was not a promising day so far as the weather was concerned. An immense inky black cloud hovered threateningly low overhead.

As the hour neared, Antoinette was seen approaching from the direction of the fort. As she came nearer, she stopped in the middle of the village common about 200 yards from the church, and prepared to draw the sword which she always wore when she went to the fort. She wished to salute the congregation who were there to do her honor.

Grasping the hilt of the sword, she swiftly drew out the blade. It seemed to quiver in the air for a moment as she held it high above her head in prolongation of her extended arm. Just at that instant, in the midst of a terrific crash of thunder, a great bolt of lightning leaped from the black, low hanging cloud. It struck squarely on the tip of her sword. Enshrouded in a sheet of white flame, Antoinette crashed lifeless on the greensward of the common! The great black cloud seemed to burst open releasing a torrent of water on the assembled crowd.

With a deep cry of anguish, the congregation rushed to the poor burned body and carried it into the church. Though her body was burned to a crisp, her face was untouched and it bore a look of great peace. The old priest, with arms uplifted from his ashen face, followed the body, intoning repeatedly:

“Requiescat in pace!
Requiescat in pace!”

Thus perished Antoinette of Illinois, and, with her, all the hopes and aspirations of her people!

* * * * *

Because of conditions imposed by the climate and in keeping with local custom, the funeral of Antoinette was held on the following day. The sorrowful news had spread throughout the valley with unbelievable speed, and the entire population, both French and Indian, attended the last rites.

The cortege, as it wound its way along the prairie road from the village to the fort, was a long, living

symbol of sorrow. Men and women walked with bowed heads and heavy, listless steps behind the bier, on which rested the open coffin covered with wild flowers. Little children trudged along, not quite sure what it was all about. The entire group chanted as they walked along. A long plume of thick, brown dust hung close to the ground, after the column passed, almost motionless in the still, sultry air.

As they entered the fort, the flag of France was lowered in silent salute. The men of the garrison, formed on the parade-ground, presented arms as the body was carried into the little chapel where Antoinette had so frequently sought spiritual solace. After the service, the body was interred just outside the chapel on the side toward the wall.

Certainly her last resting place here within these strong walls would be secure, so they thought. But they had not reckoned with the irresistible power of the mighty Mississippi. Year after year, the uncontrolled Giant stream, never a respecter of man-made structures, threw its great strength against the walls of the fort and gradually obliterated them. Even the buildings inside the fort, with one exception, were destroyed. One spring, many years after the fort had been abandoned and completely neglected, there was a series of unusually heavy floods, during which the whole side of the fort where Antoinette was buried was undermined and completely swept away. Thus the last resting place of Antoinette of Illinois passed into oblivion D3 D3

Throughout the valley, gloom long prevailed after

the death of Antoinette. Édouard Téméraire, the boisterous but gallant "coureur de bois," disappeared into the mysterious spaces of the vast country west of the Mississippi, never to be seen again. Bossu, deeply affected, returned to France the following year to look after the estate which his rich uncle had left him. He took with him, down the river to New Orleans, Antoinette's grief-stricken parents. Their only remaining desire was to resume the old life in France.

When the English came to the valley and took possession, most of the French departed either to New Orleans or to Saint Louis. Within a very few years the victorious Americans came, to displace the English. Upon this, all the remaining French departed, save a few whose descendants still live in Prairie du Rocher, survivors of life under three flags.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Centennial History of Illinois, Vol. I, Chapters I to II incl.

The Bibliography of the Centennial History of Illinois, See
Vol. I, pages 465 to 494, incl.

Kaskaskia under the French Regime, Natalie Maree Belting,
University of Illinois Press, 1948.

French History; Leading facts of, D. H. Montgomery, Ginn
& Co., 1895.

Louis XIV and the Court of France, Pardoe, Bently & Co.,
1849.

Versailles and the Court of Louis XIV, J. E. Farmer, Century,
1905.



GLOSSARY

1. The average number of French people in Illinois during the period of their occupancy was about 2,000, not counting the garrison of Fort de Chartres, which varied from time to time. They were here from about 1700 to about 1790. Many of them went over to Saint Louis or down to New Orleans when the English took over the Illinois country at the end of the French and Indian War in 1763, and almost all the remainder followed when the Americans took over the country from the English after our Revolutionary War, viz, during the period 1783 to 1790. They found it very difficult to adjust their way of life to the rough and ready methods of the English and the Americans. So they left the valley, never to return.

2. The Illinois colony was the dream of La Salle whose vision as to the welfare of France in America was correct, but whose project was not adequately supported by the French Government.

3. The French failure resulted, to a great extent, from their faulty political and economic system, as compared with that of the English colonists along the Atlantic Coast. The French colonists were hampered by a patriarchal government in France, which supervised too closely the local affairs of the colonists, intruding even into the affairs of their family lives, while the English colonists had individual freedom and private enterprise. The clash of the two systems led to the downfall of the French in America.

4. Antoinette personified the attitude of that type of French person who has always resented the intrusion of the English—as they are called historically—in the affairs of France; who were, and still are, quite inconsolable over English successes at the expense of France, and who have always longed for revenge.

5. The French in Illinois were essentially farmers who, however, liked to do a certain amount of trading in furs, on the side. Despite their poor implements, their farming was on such a scale that, on the average, they sold 100,000 pounds of flour annually to New Orleans. One year, 1748, they sent 800,000 pounds to New Orleans. Their valley was looked upon as the granary of the French in Louisiana, and it also supplied the various military expeditions that the French sent up the Ohio River in their effort to halt the English advance. For plowing, they used a very primitive wooden plow which was drawn, in tandem, by two oxen, an ox and a horse, or two horses.

6. In 1753, a census for the entire valley showed 519 horses, 757 oxen, 714 cows, 757 calves, and 1582 pigs.

7. The region where the French lived and where Antoinette spent the short years of her hectic, anxious and patriotic youth, corresponded, in general, to the area now called the Great American Bottom, that region now encompassed by Randolph, Monroe and Saint Clair Counties, in the great bend of the Mississippi River, below Saint Louis. The deterioration that goes with the lapse of time, and the destruction wrought by the floods of the Mississippi, have so largely eliminated the frail wooden structures of the French that it is not easy, today, for the mind's eye to visualize this valley as it was, with villages filled with French men, women and children, whose labor, gaiety and tears were once the life of what they called Illinois.

8. Why "Rocky Prairie"? A few years ago, the author walked across the plowed fields around Prairie du Rocher and, in his opinion, the soil was not what we would call "rocky." But these French people were accustomed to the soil of Normandy which, like most European agricultural land, had been carefully worked, cultivated, fertilized and cared for, down to the last clod, over hundreds of years. European farmers are small farmers, and look upon the soil as something precious. So, to the French who came to Illinois, this raw, unworked soil that had never before felt the plow, may very well have seemed rocky.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

(From Who's Who in the Midwest, A. N. Marquis Company, Publishers.)

Colonel Edward Davis, retired army officer, was born in Litchfield, Illinois, September 7, 1874. Holds LL.B. degree from Cornell University.

Began army career in 1896 as 2nd Lieutenant. Served with 1st Illinois Infantry in Santiago, Cuba, in 1898. Appointed Captain in 33rd U. S. Volunteers Infantry, participating in suppression of Philippine insurrection. Appointed 1st Lieutenant U. S. Cavalry, and served with the army in the Philippines 1902 to 1906. Aide-de-camp to commanding general in Cuba 1906 to 1909, and Captain of Cavalry 1909 to 1915.

Appointed military attaché to Greece, and military observer with the British, French, Russian, Serbian, Italian, and Greek armies in the Saloniki front, and with the British army on the Suez Canal defense front. Served with Gen. Allenby's army in the Palestine campaign, and with the British and Indian armies in the Bagdad campaign.

Appointed military attaché to Holland, directing U. S. military intelligence penetration of Germany. (Reported plan of German Kaiser to abdicate and flee to Holland two weeks before the event.) Appointed military attaché to Berlin in 1919, and to the same office to Mexico in 1926, and to Yugoslavia in 1928. He commanded Fort Sheridan in 1931, and was placed on the eligible list for promotion to brigadier general.

Retired at own request in 1936. Was awarded Distinguished Service medal, seven campaign medals, and Distinguished Service Order of Great Britain, Legion of Honor of France, Order of White Eagle of Yugoslavia, and Order of George the First and Order of the Redeemer of Greece.

Holds membership in American Legion, Society Army of

Santiago de Cuba (past president), **Beta Theta Pi**, and a number of local clubs. Was honorary consul of Honduras at Chicago in 1938. Author: "Peter Strutt" published in 1949.

The author is a member of the **Illinois Historical Society**, and has long been a student of the early settlements by the French. Hence: "Antoinette of Illinois."





Done in rugged individualism, in the
manner of The Sunshine Press,
with type in the DeVinne Bold,
on Ticonderoga Tan Laid text
paper. Processed in the
shop of the Bethany Press
St. Louis, Missouri

First Limited Edition

Davis, Edward
Antoinette of Illinois

cap. 2
87233

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

813D2925A

C002

ANTOINETTE OF ILLINOIS 1ST LIMITED ED.



3 0112 025324036